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Title: Philosophies - Vol. I

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==Table of Contents==

[1] Of the Virtues

[2] Of Harmony

## [1] OF THE VIRTUES

Much ado has been made about the value of the virtues so I shall not use (or should I say waste) my time and energies in prolonging that agony. And agony it is, for if even the smallest pursuit of something so incomprehensibly naive is anything, it is agony. I say this not out of malice, but of pity. For what is it but pitiable when one sets forth an idea or principle that is entirely beyond one's effective reach? That is to say, although the idea may be sought, nurtured and occasionally practiced by even a willing majority, it is, for all real purposes, impossible to practice with any consistency. And when you find someone who truly \*does\* practice it consistently, you find two things:

1) they are in the minority, and 2) are held in bitter contempt by the rest. Often they then fail themselves due to excessive pride in their accomplishment of it, or they grow angry and

spiteful to those who do not appreciate them. Rare then, is the person who can truly follow the idea or ideals that comprise the eight virtues set forth by Lord British.

Any goal, I say, that is worth pursuit must be one attainable, not without some difficulty, of course, but attainable by the masses, so that they may know it is within themselves and themselves alone to become some great thing or accomplish a great and noble task.

That, the virtues can never do, and that is why they, while a noble ideal, fail so utterly. They ask more than mortal men can give and therefore become gods: pitiless and condemnatory, without that which they demand of others: compassion. The virtues, therefore, must be rejected, not as an ideal, for there is some worth to it, but as an all-encompassing mindset that prevades, nay, invades, every corner of one's life, making one bow to its own will, leaving them bereft of joy, peace, and the sense of accomplishment that all men and women naturally and inevitably seek.

Thus, admire the virtues, practice them if you wish, but nay bow to them, for they are mere taskmasters, robed in white---the ethereal vapors that cloud and fill one's dreams, but, upon awaking, we wave away with a passing smile and a fond memory of

something beautiful, but not real.

## [2] OF HARMONY

Akin to the virtues is the ideal that, for things to be as they should be, there must be a balance, or, as some choose to frame it, harmony. Such folly is evident by a very scant examination of the world in which we exist. There is no harmony. There is only conflict, the eternal struggle for supremecy and the desire to dominate the weak.

Thus, to affirm and pursue any philosophy or code or ideal centered in such a concept is the very antithesis of reality and will, if pursued too far, drive one mad. For how can anyone claim that harmony is the way of things, or that which is to be sought, when all around is the very opposite: killing, war, conflict, decay and death?

Why would any sane person seek to make all things harmonious, therefore? It is an impossible task for it faces the insurmountable: the fact that all nature denies it! I speak specifically of those misguided and deluded persons who follow the druidic ways of the goddess Concordia, whose full name means Seeker of Harmony. They call for harmony, but in reality seek to dominate by force, destroying those who disagree with their beliefs. Reject "harmony" for

it is merely the smile of the cutpurse out to steal your coin while sliding a dagger in your back.